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if you wish to know why his kine are so real—look at the way he paints the eyes of the herbivorous tribe, and note their sweetness and gentleness, which give vitality, perfection and fitness.

The "North Sea," as painted by H. W. MESDAG, is in the grayish tone which the master favors most. It is an animated scene, dotted with carts, fishing boats and people gathered on the Scheveningen beach. There are short falling spots of deceiving light and dim shades, faint veiled vestiges of dark vapor. It is full of atmosphere and intensely realistic.

B. J. BLOMMERS is one of the sturdy painters of this school. His "Evening Meal" well represents him, while the two examples of J. S. H. KEVER, "A Dutch Home" and "Dividing the Profits," are the characteristic child subjects with which we are familiar. P. J. C. GABRIEL has an "Autumn" of unusually rich color, and GEO. POGGENBEEK'S "Orchard-Sunshine" shows a few cows gathered at rest in the fragrant field. The water color by H. J. HAVERMAN, "Mother and Child," is an excellent piece of drawing of the standing figure carrying the babe. Two typical old-fashioned Dutch scenes are by G. HENKES, "Gossiping" and "Contentment." The lion heads, by JAN VAN ESTEN, serve as noble guardians as they top the line of pictures on the left wall.

Mr. Shepherd is the pioneer of Scranton art collectors, and his influence has already awakened a decided interest in art matters among his fellow-townsmen.

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### FRANK BOGGS.

BY REINHOLD VON KÖKERITZ.

*M. Frank Boggs est un artiste de tout premier ordre. Un artiste dont les œuvres sont toujours très remarquées.*—Journal des Artistes.

It was a dull, gray day of November last that I strolled forth to call on my friend Frank Boggs, 11 bis rue de Biraque, Place de Voges, the only square in Paris, by the way, that has kept its original quaint character. It was wrapped in hazy mist, and the fine outlines of its old mansions with their pointed gables and roofs, where the *beau monde* lived in the time of Louis XIV, appeared indistinct and confused in the rising yellow fog. I passed the house of Victor Hugo and that of Marion Delorme (Manon Lescault), and stopped awhile at the old gateway leading into rue de Biraque for a last look. No. 11 bis is the first house on the other side of the arch. It seemed natural that Frank Boggs, the painter of street scenes and old architecture, should choose a place like this for his domicile. As the eagle builds on the lofty peak and the woodpecker hides in the dusky fir tree, thus we find this painter of interesting old city subjects quite properly installed in Hôtel de Biraque, Place de Voges.

Some time America will hear a lot about this American artist and will inquire eagerly into his life and habits. Some time, I say: Well, it could not be otherwise, for some artists have a faculty of hiding like the thrush in the underbrush, and the world at large never really knows them. Some of their works find their way to galleries and private collections, to be sure, but still they are not understood, or, perhaps better still, they are allowed to slip along unnoticed.

I stumbled up the broad, stone staircase, lined with statues left there by the good Marquise de Biraque, and walked into the lounging or smoking room of Mr. Boggs—for he has no studio, as he does his work out-of-doors.

Studies and pictures in oil and water colors were on walls and easels. A round stove of good dimensions, placed almost in the middle of the

room, furnished an agreeable heat, and through the large window were still visible the pointed gables and roofs, circling the Place de Voges.

We sat down for a good pipe-full of Durham and discussed the evening before. In his black coat, buttoned up to the chin, Mr. Boggs looks like a *prêtre*, but somehow the head is not entirely in harmony with the slim, ascetic figure. The nervous, earnest eyes may indeed look very gay and worldly, and as he leans over, explaining about the concerts of the Garde Republican outside and the *beau monde* that still attend in their carriages, you see besides the subtle force of a sober, realastic soul—sometimes severe and cold—surely also a love for the rounding lines, warm life, a taste for what is pleasing to the eye.

As I study the sketches and pictures around me I find a striking similarity in characteristics between this man, so full of nervous reserve and sobriety and still so very human and bold, and the work which he does. Here is a study from Honfleur, a seaport near Havre, very important in the time of Richelieu, but now with only a few scattered houses round a narrow creek. The picture represents the river with its houses and church. It is a soft, blue day full of atmosphere. The technique is broad and bold and full of dash. There is a water color of Pont Neuf in sunshine, and of Pont St. Michel with all its traffic, where the tall steeple of Saint Chapelle—which is now to be pulled down to give more space to the Palais de Justice—towers over yellow and red street signs, omnibuses and masses of people. The streets and traffic recede into gray mist. It is a living picture.

Here is St. Nicholas de Chardonais lit by the last rays of the sun. In the streets below the shadows of evening are creeping and the street lamps shine faintly through the gathering mist. The traffic, people and houses form a wonderful living mass. It is very clever. It lacks perhaps coloring, and maybe not, it is as you see it on such a day, giving indeed the very quality of the air of Paris.

In an oil of the old gateway of Falaise, a Normandie town from the time of William the Conqueror (look up the "Highways and Byways of Normandie," illustrated by Jos. Pennell), the clouds are gathering in threatening masses. The ancient houses lean feebly up against each other and against the tower. Through the heavy gateway you see the main street and a bit of yellowish light, the last of day. It is cold and weird, with no possible comfort for the weary traveler, but it is a good picture.

Holland windmill, on the canal from The Hague to Delft, in early evening, is peaceful and clear, with transparent bluish evening sky.

It was at the coffee, while puffing one of my American cigars, that my friend suddenly dived into the children's room and pulled out from somewhere a small framed picture, hidden there from the eyes of dealers and casual visitors, which he placed before me with a smile. "My children's inheritance," he said simply. It was a French village scene in winter. Before the church, well in the foreground, is a large bare elm tree. The sulky threatening sky melts into the soft yellow light of winter with a pinkish sheen. In the street below a fisherman and his wife walk slowly along, arm in arm, as is the custom. It is charmingly simple and harmonious. It is full of wonderful feeling and I understood.

I saw a lot of pictures, sketches of Normandie and Holland architecture. Pictures which will yet live as historical documents in years to come, giving faithful representations of aspects of bygone days, always correct, and painted with a broad but a sure brush.

The German Emperor has, in his private gallery, Boggs's 1899 Salon picture, "Old Church at Talaac." A marvelous marine, "Rough Day," is in the Boston Museum. Important paintings have been bought by the French Government for the State Museums.

The other day I saw in a department store advertisement a list of artists' names whose works were for sale in its art gallery. The list is most interesting because it contains so many names never heard of before, such as Albori, Girardin, Chabrier, Houdie, Oliva, Clariton, Duret, Marigot, Lurion, Foresai.

A visit to this place showed a lot of pictures, most of garish color, such as will appeal to art collectors who are still in the chromo-lithographic state. The prices are reasonable, so that the loss, when the buyer gets tired of these first purchases—as soon he will—and he puts them in the garret or sends them to the auction room, will not be very great. These department store art galleries serve two good purposes: First, they help art lovers to get quickly through the state of taste which delights in loud contrasting colors instead of harmony which is usual with beginners, and second, to show more advanced collectors what *not* to buy.

Sometimes a collection of American names is catalogued in these advertisements, at ridiculously low prices, much to the chagrin of the local artists. The examples shown are, however, generally sketches and unimportant pictures, in no way representing the artist in his best manner. They have, usually, been bought from frame-makers, who took these sketches or studies in payment for frames, or are early works snapped up at bargain auction sales.

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*Apropos* of this I would suggest to my out-of-town subscribers to send me the catalogue of picture auctions in their city as soon as procurable. Ofttimes I might be able to send them valuable suggestions in connection therewith.

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Mr. George Grant McCurdy, head of the anthropological department in Peabody Museum, has made a very important discovery which includes the largest collection of specimens of ancient pottery to be found in all the world.

Strangely enough this discovery was made under the roof of Peabody Museum, and is explained as follows:

Beginning in 1860 the late Prof. Marsh purchased quantities of antique pottery from the French consul, A. de Zilner, and J. E. McWilliams, a resident of Panama. These specimens were of great value and were obtained from the graves of the original settlers who were known as Chiriqui Indians.

The specimens were bought at various periods from 1860 down to 1879, and when they arrived in New Haven were stowed away in Peabody Museum because there was no room for arranging the exhibit.

In these original boxes the specimens have lain for 26 years and had been entirely forgotten by those now in charge of affairs, but Mr. McCurdy decided to open the boxes and the result was the discovery of these valuable specimens which included 5,000 pieces of variegated pottery, much of which is beautifully and ornately figured.

There are also fifty objects which are gold and copper figures.

The collection contains amulets, charms and antiques of similar nature.

The collection will be classified and placed on exhibition as soon as possible.

These products of prehistoric times were brought from the interior of Panama on horseback to the coast where they were packed for shipment. Very few of the ornaments were broken. When this exhibit is arranged it will be the largest and best of its kind in any country of the world.

Professor Marsh spent a fortune in acquiring these specimens for Yale University. He inherited a large sum of money from the estate of George

Peabody, and spent the larger part of it in making collections which will be the wonder of future generations.



JULES GUERIN

THE BRIDGE

Reference to an interesting collection of rare books, on exhibition at the Scribners' place on Fifth Avenue, has been crowded out for a few weeks. Lovers of the beautiful and rare products of the early printer's art may find a collection of the first editions of one hundred books that were printed between 1463 and 1795.

Mention must be made of the rarest one of the 2,000 recorded editions of the "Imitatio Christi," the one printed in Augsburg about 1470. An edition of Euclid printed in Venice in 1482 is the first book in which a continuous series of geometrical illustrations appears.

Taking some of the greatest treasures of this collection in chronological order, the list includes: Pliny, "Historia Naturalis," Venice, 1469; "Apuleius, Metamorphoses," Rome, 1469; "Eusebius," Venice, 1470; "Herodotus," Venice, 1474; "Froissart's Chroniques," Paris, 1495; "Aristophanes's Comedies," Venice, 1497; More's "Utopia," Rotterdam, 1518; the first Bible Concordance, Grafton, 1550; Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Basel, 1559; Montaigne's "Essays," Paris, 1588; Spenser's "Fairie

Queene," London, 1596; "Chaucer," London, 1602; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Oxford, 1621; Baxter's "Saint's Rest," London, 1649; Molière's "Femmes Scavantes," Paris, 1673; Watts's Hymns, London, 1707; Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," London, 1751; Rousseau's "Emile," Hague, 1762; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," London, 1766; Miss Burney's "Evelina," London, 1778; and Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," Berlin, 1795.



"THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING," by SAMUEL ISHAM, A.N.A. With twelve photogravures and many text illustrations. Imp. 8vo. New York, The Macmillan Company. \$5.00 net.

This is the third volume of a notable series in the History of American Art, and has been preceded by histories of American Sculpture by Lorado Taft, and Music by Louis C. Elson.

The author of the present volume, Mr. Isham, is well qualified for his task. The object of these histories is to present the subject from the artist's point of view, and Mr. Isham, himself a prominent painter, describes most sympathetically the birth, development, stagnation and full fruition of native art.

The index, containing the names of the American artists who are mentioned in the body of the book, is a fit criterion of the catholicity and strict impartiality of the author. There is scarcely a name omitted which comes to mind as worthy of record. And, referring to the pages to see what the author has to say about his fellow-workers, one is impressed by the kindliness and firmness of his criticism, especially toward the younger men, like Henri, Glackens and Maurer.

The book, naturally, follows chronological lines, except when the importance of the subject tempts the author to follow a biographical lead, as in the chapter on La Farge and Whistler, which, by the way, is one of the most interesting chapters in the book.

It will be a long while before this subject will be treated as exhaustively and compactly as in this publication.

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"CONSTABLE," by M. STURGE HENDERSON. London, Duckworth & Co. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00 net.

The painter, Charles R. Leslie, Constable's contemporary, provided a biography of the famous English landscapist which has been the foundation of every succeeding monograph. Mr. Henderson has used this material to good advantage, at the same time infusing a creditable amount of personal reflection, which is especially noticeable in the four last chapters dealing with Constable's Lectures, his Characteristics, a General Estimate, and Constable's Influence in Landscape Painting.

Forty half-tone reproductions of best-known works of the master illustrate the book, which is supplied with an index.

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"THE ART LOVER'S TREASURY," edited by CARRIE THOMPSON LOWELL. Boston, Dana, Estes & Company. \$1.20 net.

This handsome little volume serves to bring together masterpieces or art and gems of literature inspired by them. Fifty of the former are illustrated in tinted half-tone, while poets, from Omar Kāyyām to Edwin Markham, are quoted. The author undertakes the task to bring all this together in some rational, logical order, and has succeeded admirably. The conception of the book as an outgrowth of an illustrated lecture is apparent, and this becomes an advantage, for one may follow the author complacently in a vivid survey of the world's art treasures.

The spirit of the book is typified by the frontispiece, showing the admirable mural painting by Kenyon Cox, *Ars Picturae and Ars Poetica*.

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"HOME FURNISHING," by ALICE M. KELLOGG. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50 net.

Like most books on the house beautiful, this one presents the author's ideas on the subject in a series of suggestions, which may be useful according to circumstances. Few, however, will lay down the book without getting some practical hint.